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THE
R I D D L E.

BY THE LATE UNHAPPY
GEORGE-ROBERT FITZGERALD, Esq.

WITH
A T A R H E
N O T E S,
BY W. BINGLEY, formerly of LONDON, Bookseller.

And they said unto him, put forth thy Riddle, that we may hear it.

JUDGES.

Honi soit qui Mal y Pense.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR,

AND SOLD BY R. JAMESON, NO. 227, STRAND.

Price ONE SHILLING.

Entered at Stationers-Hall.

R. HORSFIELD, TREASURER.

R I D D L E

BY THE LATE UNHAPPY

GEORGE ROBERT FITZGERALD, Esq.

WITH
ERRATA.

PAGE 17, line 3, from the bottom, for *disperfed* read *disburfed*.

BY W. BINGLEY, Junr of London, Bookbinder.

And they said unto him, put forth thy Riddle, that we may hear it.
JUDGES.

Home for the Poor.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE EDITOR,

AND SOLD BY R. JAMISON, NO. 22, STRAND.

Price One Shilling.

Entered at Stationers-Hall.

R. HORSHIELD, TREASURER.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THE trifle here offered to the Public will serve as a specimen of Mr. Fitzgerald's poetical talents; and I believe it to be the only production, in that line, which he has left behind him: it was written during his residence in Dublin New Prison, about the year 1782, where he was confined for a riot; in which case, however, his father and brother only were prosecutors. Whilst thus immured, as Romeo says, the author had "room for meditation;" and if his performance is not found in every part to be strictly logical, of which however the public are the best judges, it will certainly be allowed that his subject is, in general, novel, and his allegory extended to an unusual length, in this kind of writing. A very few copies of this *Riddle* were at that time dispersed: however, care was taken to supply those persons with duplicates, against whom his satire was directed, and against whom he had declared perpetual war.

From the bitterness of Mr. Fitzgerald's satire, particularly that part which is pointed at one of the *then* great law-officers, or rather a great law-quack*, I have heard it more than once predicted, that, although the principal object amongst the characters in the *Riddle* was ever known to be an arrant coward, nothing but a miracle could bring off the author *Scot-free*†. If Mr. Fitzgerald, therefore, had any reason to complain that, on a late awful occasion, he was neither treated with candour, nor even with common justice, which is pretty evident, it will be no very difficult matter to conjecture that the *unusual* severities, which he then suffered, originated in his having first commenced hostilities with his pen, against those very persons who, in that country, have the sole power of life and death, and of distributive justice in general, in their own hands; but our author, unfortunately for himself and Brecknock, could never bend his mind to flatter; nor was he calculated, be his vices what they may, to assume a character suitable to the *sycophancy* of the times.

* There are, perhaps, a greater number of Quacks in law than in physic; and of whom we may say, with the Poet;

"Licens'd to kill—Quacks now do gain a palace;

"Whilst less deserving villains—mount the gallows."

† The personages at the head of the law in Ireland are—Hewitt, Lord Eiford, Chancery; Scot, Lord Earlsfort, King's Bench; Hugh Carlton, Common-Pleas; Barry Yelverton, Exchequer; and Fitzgibbon, Attorney-General.

EDITOR'S PREFACE.

So far as relates to persons, the subject of the *Riddle* is *Irish*: but, in order to render such passages, as might not be easily understood, intelligible to an English reader, I have added a few Notes, which, not to interrupt the text, are annexed to the Poem, with those of the author likewise.

It was my intention to have given an edition of this *Riddle*, with Mr. Fitzgerald's epistolary correspondence, at a much earlier period; and to have added thereto many curious and interesting papers relative to him and Brecknock, which I have collected since their execution, to serve as an addition to *the Case of Fitzgerald*, published in the month of August last, by JAMESON in the Strand. The Collection I allude to is nearly completed; but as none but *authentic* documents, and the fairest and the most forcible arguments, shall be produced, in a work where the conduct of the principal Irish lawyers is to be investigated, if not arraigned, a small delay of that publication is absolutely necessary.

Agreeable, however, to the promise I made in the *CASE OF FITZGERALD*, concerning the *Riddle*, I thought it incumbent on me, no longer to delay the publication of it: and, in order to accommodate those Gentlemen who collect *poetical* pieces, which are generally printed in *quarto*, I determined to print the *Riddle* by itself in that size.

In what manner I became possessed of the copy, and of those anecdotes concerning the author and his family which I have already published, as well as those I propose to publish, I must defer explaining until the above promised Collection appears.

With the *first* edition of a *Riddle*, it is, I believe, very unusual to give a *solution*: but as every reader, on a *first* perusal, may not be able to give a *true* interpretation of the present one, I shall observe, that the author's secret bears a name as delicate as any in the English language; notwithstanding the few loose verses which he has introduced under the denomination of

“ — Arch entendre double.”

And, by way of encouragement to young poets, I propose to give a sum, not less than *five guineas*, for the most apposite *poetical* interpretation of, or answer to it; the subject must be taken in all its parts, after the manner of those in Swift, be comprised in nearly the same number of lines as the original; and the copy, with or without the real name, delivered to Mr. JAMESON, the publisher, on or before Michaelmas-day next.

JUNE, 1787.

W. B.

A

R I D D L E.

JUST Letters four my name declare,
You'll guess it by the Sequel;
The Liquids and the Vowels are
In Range and Number equal.

A Monosyllable I am,
No Consonant containing;
My foremost Letter is in "RAM,"
So here I stop explaining.

And now, ye PRIESTS, whose function lies
In truth and revelation,
Turning to you, my Muse applies
For farther Explanation.

A

What

What time the great CREATOR made
 This orb, and all that's in it,
 Close by his Side, YE *know* I staid,
 Nor left him for a minute.

Mark well! not only *by* the hand,
 But *in* his hand he took me;
 And, till Eve broke the *first* command,
 He never once forfook me.

Ye KINGS whom, like our Lott'ry Wives,
 For worse we take or better,
 Without me, what a curse your lives!
 With me, what blessing greater!

For if by me the helm ye steer,
 All then is peace and quiet:
 Desert me---all is, far and near,
 Mistrust, misrule and riot.

Ye JUDGES too, whom custom holds
 As men with wisdom walking,
 Well might ye pass for hags or scolds,
 Were I debarr'd from talking.

Aloof

Aloof from me, well may ye dread
Attaint and all its terror:
By ME in all your judgments led,
We'll laugh AT Writs of Error.

For I am *absolute* as Fate
To Plaintiff and Defendant,
And make them both, or soon or late,
Submit, you may depend on't.

To ME is Annaly proclaim'd
A friend, right, true, and hearty;
Scot, (a) in my absence, was nick-nam'd
(And justly too) (b) *Champartie*.

Coke *versus* Coke (c) for years shall stand
A mark of his uncleanness,
And sprung from dirt his name shall brand
With native dirt and meanness.

To their first principles revert
All men, grim death arriving:
But Scot, by inverse law, to dirt
Returns while yet surviving.

Just

Just punishment! when poor despis'd,
 When rich, not one jot from it:
 Nature ne'er long remains disguis'd;
 The dog can't leave his vomit.

Had'st thou consulted me, John Scot,
 Howe'er thy pride unwilling,
 On such a lott'ry thou had'st not
 Advanc'd one single shilling.

But now, alas! thy money lost!
 Thy fame for ever ruin'd!
 And happy, if without more cost
 This dirty bus'ness you end.

I never lead mankind astray;
 If they my steps but follow,
 They're sure at length to gain the day,
 And win the prize all-hollow.

'Twas I taught Marlboro to fight,
 And Cicero to wrangle;
 Newton nor (*d*) Euclid e'er could write
 Without me one triangle.

(5)

The speaking canvass, high rear'd-dome,
Our fleets that breathe destruction;
The sculptur'd, monumental tomb,
Are all of my production.

The flux, and reflux of the tide,
The sun's diurnal motion,
Own me invisibly their guide,
And are at my devotion.

No charities by ME are sunk,
Nor gormandiz'd at dinners,
Nor spent to make o'erseers drunk,
Or pocketed by finners.

Where I preside goes every doit
To feed the hungry daily,
To clothe the naked; and that's right;
Pray is not, Dean Bailey? (e)

Yes, *so* you preach, *so* you collect,
So pray, and make a moan on't:
But farther not in this respect,
Now sayeth this deponent.

B

But

But truce to private characters;
 My muse, more systematic,
 The field, far more enlarg'd, prefers
 Of epic, and dramatic.

Moliere with ME wrote all his plays,
 Shakespear plann'd *his* without me;
 A circumstance that's apt to raise
 Much endless talk about me.

But I thus easily decide
 This long, long-canvass'd matter:
 "The *former* hath few faults to hide,"
 Much *wildness* hath the latter.

A *wilderness* (*f*) may please *wild* men,
 A garden's my enjoyment:
 I know the value nice, between
 A rough and polish'd diamond.

This of itself darts from its blaze,
That justly hath its fautor;
 But I must first *uncloud* its rays,
 Ere you can judge its water.

With like pretence, compare you might
 (And say more than enough on)
 The snake that's luminously bright
 To one that hath its slough on.

Tied down was Homer by *my* charms;
 But Virgil from *me* ventur'd,
 When with his Dido arm in arm
 The (g) cave Æneas enter'd.

Not so MY Milton---chaste he spoke,
 His fault'ring tongue ne'er flammer'd,
 Nor tripp'd the bard, when Adam woke,
 And hung o'er Eve enamour'd.

Your Ovid's Metamorphoses
 Are much too warm---they're fultry;
 'Tis *there* our youths take their degrees
 Of MASTERS in adult'ry.

Degrees comparatively good,
 If check'd, they then stood idle;
 But vice is restless, and the blood,
 Once heated, knows no bridle.

What

What good or profit can they cull
 From tales like these, Dame Clio,
 Viz. "A pasiphae with her bull,
 "Jove with her (*h*) Cowship Io;"

"Leda enamour'd of a swan;
 "And with lust's rage to rack us,
 "A femele, not barely *on*,
 "But *in* the thigh of Bacchus."

Such *classics* I forbid the schools,
 They ought not to be look't in;
 Books, that shall make men worse than fools,
 The youth I ne'er instruct in:

Your ganymedes of ancient days,
 The modern stench of Florence,
 And that she-monster Sappho, raise
 In me a just abhorrence.

From manners, men, and gods, my muse,
 Turn to the brute creation:
 Nor THOU, Philosophy, refuse
 Thy full elucidation.

Learn then, all quadrupedes you see,
Like unto like adapting,
Encrease, and multiply through me,
The mule alone excepting.

As to the bat--great doubts appear,
Half bird, half mouse in feature:
It *suckles* too--why, then I'm clear
It is a *perfect* creature.

For mark, this stamp--"the bipede race,"
Provided they be **HAIRY**,
Or on the body, head or face
Nor chance from me to vary,

GIVE SUCK unto their infant young;
And, what belike more pleases,
Organs entire to them belong
To propagate their species.

SPECIES---that word, as strictly true,
To THEM applyeth in no manner
They're **INDIVIDUALS**, and but two,
Namely, the bat and woman.

See then how I have here the cause
In its effect maintained:
And with what clearness nature's laws
By ME are all explained.

But, lo! a still more monstrous breed
(Nature to lust furrend'ring)
Appears; its fire a quadrupede,
With bipede dam engend'ring.

But let me here just make a stand,
And e'er word more be written,
Congratulate my native land,
It was not hatch'd in Britain.

At Brussels (o) you this produce saw,
Offspring of hen and rabbit:
In breach of the mosaic law
Of *Linsay* *Wolfey* habit.

It wears a robe as oddly mixt,
Yet soft as hair or feather;
A tertium quid, that's both betwixt,
And yet, in fact, is neither.

Of *down* it seems a species rare,
And so can't be objected:
To BIPEDES only that have *hair*,
Is my discourse directed.

Prince Charles' guards for pence or drink,
This monstrous birth exhibit:
The *shewers* and the *shewn*, I think,
Alike deserve the *gibbet* (*k*).

On nature thus run mad or wild,
I fix a lasting stigma:
For fure it is the Deel's own child
Wrapp'd up in an ænigma.

Soft to the touch; to death a-kin;
For lewdness ALWAYS fitted:
And hints too plain the SERPENT-SIN
Our Mother Eye committed.

In spiry folds the subtle fiend
Around her waist meander'd,
And did a deed that doom'd mankind
To crouch beneath his standard.

But

But now redeem'd, the *bestial* seed
 Hath lost its strength and fixture,
 And human nature, once more freed,
 Recoils at such a mixture.

Yet when rank Eve thus play'd the w~~oman~~!
 And rabbit tread the hen did,
 I had no hand in their amour,
 Nor saw their natures blended.

When told the tale, I blush'd to hear
 Of hearts by vice so harden'd;
 And wonder'd in amaze and fear,
 How crimes like those were pardon'd.

But better times, and less of gloom,
 I see are forward pressing;
 And woman is to man become
 No more a curse--but blessing.

From these grave scenes, my muse resorts
 To themes more gay and recent:
 For I forbid no kind of sports,
 Unless they're quite indecent.

I never

I never risk the joke obscene,
 Nor downright blunt expression;
 There's latitude enough between
 Decorum and transgression.

Truth is no cynic, nor the aid
 Always requires of satire:
 Morals take deeper root, convey'd
 In good than in ill nature.

To laugh men into truth, is sense;
 Against it there's no order (*l*)
 Wit on *that* ground, without offence,
 On equivoke *may* border.

From epics, true, I banish wit
 And all that's loose and lubric:
 But in your riddles I admit
 Jocular conceits, as rubric.

From vulgar censure thus redeem'd,
 The *other* sex I touch on;
 Nor let the blush, if rais'd, be deem'd
 A blot in my escutcheon.

Come then, ye fair, my fondest choice,
Last fought, but *first* in favour;
 Oh! had ye listen'd to my voice,
 Oft had I been your fav'our.

Why then, sweet angels, while ye live
 Always will ye disown me?
 I'm sure no reason ye can give
 But---that ye have not known me.

Perhaps my company ye shun
 Like Charon and his Wherry,
 Thinking I've neither wit nor fun,
 And that I *can't* be merry.

Mistake me not; at proper times
 I can, like you, be wanton:
 Witness, the following roguish rhymes,
 Which ye may *now* descant on.

But if your blood be high inflam'd,
 Or apt to fire like stubble,
 Stop short---for something will be nam'd
 In arch entendre-double.

Yet

Yet lay no blame on me, ye fair,
Nor charge me with ill-breeding;
I bid you, guardian-like, beware,
And stop from further reading.

If, thus forewarn'd, you still persist
To read a few more distichs,
My name you'll find (it can't be miss'd)
In these characteristicks.

“ For bus'ness fit, I'm strait and strong,
“ Nor am averse to pleasure:
“ I'm usually twelve inches long,
“ At least that's just *my* measure.

“ Though it be not erect, to stand's
“ My natural position;
“ And, by a touch from your fair hands,
“ I gain that acquisition.

“ With truth it may be always said
“ I'm ready, neat, and able,
“ And you may use me on a bed,
“ A sofa, chair, or table.

“ I'm

" I'm neither French nor contraband,
" (My cost within your reach is,)
" And may be found so near at hand
" As in your lover's b-----s."

But, metaphor and jest apart,
These rhymes to put an end to,
Ye fair! engrave upon your heart
The following memento:

Your eyes, which now the sun eclipse,
Your teeth, the pearl outshining,
The rose, upon your sweeter lips,
Time's hourly undermining.

All things, through time, shall lose on earth
Their beauty, strength, and lustre,
While I alone encrease in worth,
And, ripening, grow robust.

Then flight me not, because I make
No shew, no noise, nor pother:
In me you to your bosom take
A father, friend, and brother.

By these strong features understood,
 No more hold *me* a stranger;
 Since you by *me* will reap much good,
 Nor risk the smallest danger.

NOTES TO THE RIDDLE.

Page 3, line 11, (a). John Scot, who, on the death of the late Lord Annaly, in 1784, was appointed Chief Justice of the Court of King's-Bench, and, at the same time, created a peer of Ireland, by the title of Baron Earlsfort.

Ibid, line 12, (b). CHAMPARTIE is a law-term or writ, which lies where two persons are impleading, and one of them covenants or agrees to give the King's Judges or Attorney-General half of the landed estate in dispute, in order to maintain the suit in question.—This offence is of so odious a nature in our laws, that it subjects the party so maintaining such suit at his own cost, to great penalties and forfeitures. It is called *Champ*, i. e. the *Field*, or Land in Question; and *Partie*, i. e. *Part* of the Field or Land to be recovered.

Ibid, line 13, (c). *Coke* versus *Coke* is the name of the celebrated CHAMPARTIE cause; in which, as the author shews in the most pointed satire, Mr. Scot, whilst Attorney-General, *deeply* embarked, in the manner and on the terms as is mentioned in note (b). His sanguine expectations of a favourable issue being put to his suit, transported him beyond the bounds of common prudence and good policy.—Not to dwell on the sums of money he from time to time advanced to carry it on, he also dispersed a considerable sum for making improvements on the estate in question, even whilst yet the cause was pending. These improvements he exultingly shewed to

E

his

his intimates ; and, amongst others, being together at the Carlow assizes, the late Lord Chief Baron Burgh : very unfortunately for Scot, the honest Baron did not approve his hazardous enterprize, to say no worse of it. At length, however, to his utter confusion, he was defeated. This circumstance, I presume, will be esteemed the most pleasing part of the transaction, and is all I need say concerning it, in this place. For the origin and character of *my Lord Chief Justice*, with a specimen of his judicial integrity and abilities, see the *Case of Fitzgerald*, sold by JAMESON, price 1s. 6d.—EDIT.

Page 4, line 19, (tl). Newton or Euclid. I have here followed the vulgar notion of attributing to Euclid the Book of Mathematical Elements which usually goes by his name ; but the truth is, the real author was one ILYA, an Ægyptian carpenter, and Euclid is only a translator of it from the Ægyptian into the Greek language, as we learn from Hamu-El, an Arabian author, and contemporary commentator on the QUATERNITIES of Plato ; and it is to be observed, that Plato calls this Book of Ilya the BOOK OF COMPOSITIONS.

Page 5, line 16, (e). Dean Bailey is here introduced by the author for two reasons, one of which is avowed, the other is by him secret.—The Dean is accused, and with some justice (according to fame) of having committed several *pious* frauds. He was an active man in almost every charitable work set on foot for the relief of the poor in the city of Dublin : as our author insinuates, he appropriated the produce of the charitable donations he received to maintain his own extravagance ; a similar practice to that committed on our Foundling Hospital, by a *notorious* Chamberlain of London.

This is the avowed cause of the attack on Dean Bailey. The one not avowed is, that Charles Lionel Fitzgerald, our author's brother, married the grand-daughter of Dean Bailey ; and in order to procure an establishment from the Fitzgerald estate for his son-in-law, independent of George-Robert, our author, the Dean, by his advice and contrivance, kept the disputes between the brothers continually alive. This, the editor imagines, was the real cause of introducing the Dean in his Riddle, in that very unfavourable light in which he appears—and, to this latter cause, the public are indebted for the severe lash which the author has given to the most abominable of all embezzlements : for it is not to be supposed that Mr. F. would otherwise have thought the Dean's private vices a subject of sufficient importance on which to have written *three stanzas*.

The

The editor has collected the correspondence between the author and Dean Bailey, and intends to include those letters, amongst others, in the general work mentioned in the advertisement.—EDIT.

Page 6, line 13, (*f*). Perhaps Mr. Fitzgerald, in this place, has been too severe on our Shakespear.

For such a WILDERNESS of sweets,
Such music and such flowers,

I question if Elysium yields
The like in all her bowers.

“ WILD above art—enormous blifs ”

We owe t’ the Bard of Warwick,

For he was sapient, *abnormis* ;

To him we owe a *Garrick*.

Lord Lyttleton was of the same opinion—that noble and elegant Writer distinguishes our immortal Bard, and the Actor, by bestowing on them the following handsome compliment:—

“ Ye Warburtons cease, ye dogmatic Johnsons,

“ Cease thus upon Shakespeare to publish your nonsense.

“ Wou’d you read with precision his masterly page,

“ Burn your notes, grub your pens, and repair to the stage;

“ There *Garrick* reveals all his fire and his nature,

“ And plainly points out who’s the best commentator.”

Vide LORD LYTTLETON’S Poems.

Page 7, line 8, (*g*). This verse alludes to the 124th line of the 4th *Æneid*.

“ Speluncam Dido Dux et Trojanus eandem

“ Deveniunt.”

Page 8, line 4, (*h*). I have assumed the licence to create the *new* title of “ *Cowship*,” instead of *Ladyship*, and consequently it became necessary to introduce a *new* word into the English language; and I trust, with Horace:—

“ Dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter.”

Page 10, line 13, (*i*). *Hen and Rabbit*. The produce of the hen and rabbit is to be seen at the Managerie, in Bruffels—so says the author; but to me, and to every person whom I have consulted

on

on the subject, there appears great doubts, whether he was, or was not imposed upon by a monkish trick, contrived, perhaps, to raise a little money by the idle curiosity of strangers: for we do not find the *hen* and *rabbit* amongst those animals that copulate with different species. Any information, however, on this head, from the more learned, through the hands of the publisher, will be esteemed a favour.

Page 11, line 8, (k). I shall not, I hope, be deemed superstitious in remarking, that because a man should dream that he was to be hanged, or that he saw some person hanged; or, to come nearer to the author's own words, *wish* some person might be hanged, that he himself must, one time or other, expect to be hanged: yet the word GIBBIT, as coming from the pen of Mr. Fitzgerald, seems, I confess, to have been a little OMINOUS. But what will appear still more extraordinary is, that the unhappy partner of his fate, Mr. Brecknock, uses almost a similar expression in his pamphlet, called the CONSTITUTION, published by W. Nicoll, in the year 1781.—This Work was written as a reply to Mr. Burke's arguments, which he urged in defence of his bill *for abridging the power of the Crown*. At the conclusion of this pamphlet, Brecknock pours forth a bitter anathema against the author of the bill, Mr. Burke:

“ May his soul stink Hell—and his bill be burnt by the hands of the *common hangman*.”

It is also worthy of remark, in this place, that the late Dr. Dodd wrote his *Thoughts* in PRISON several years before his ignominious death.

But how far Mr. Fitzgerald or Brecknock deserved to die on a GIBBET, with the *impartial* part of the Irish nation, remains yet a doubt: it will probably turn out, that the *Castlebar* Tragedy, in part, at least, (I mean as to Brecknock) was what the Lord Chief-Justice Hale calls LEGAL Murder; and that that bloody transaction was perpetrated to gratify the resentment of S—t and F—z—g—n; who, availing themselves of the LEX TALIONIS, in return for POETICAL, have given him prosaic justice, if it can be called justice, to hang a man for telling the TRUTH, even in a RIDDLE.—Vide six of the Stanzas in the Riddle, pages 3 and 4, for which, in my humble opinion, considering the disposition of the parties in the Champartie suit, nothing but the life of the author could atone; for which reason, no time was given, as in almost all other cases in that country, for the investigation of truth, or the intervention of mercy.

F I N I S.